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TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1879.

Choice Boetry.

BT REGENE P. WARE In that half-forgotten era, With the avarice of old. Seeking cities that were tol-To be paved with solid gold. In the Kingdom of Quivera—

Came the restless Coronado
To the open Kansas plain,
With his knights from sunny Spain,
In an effort that, though vain,
Thrilled with boldness and bravado.

League by league, in aimless marching, Knowing scarcely where or why, Crossed they uplands drear and dry. That an unprotected sky Had for centuries been parching.

But their expeciations, eager, Found, instead of fruitful lands, Shallow streams and shifting sands, Where the buffalo in bands Roamed o'er deserts dry and meagre.

Back to seems more trite, yet tragic, March'd the knights with armor'd steeds; Not for them the quiet deeds; Not for them to sow the seeds From which Empires grow like magic.

Never land so hunger-stricken Could a Latin race remould; They could conquer heat or cold— Die for glory or for gold— But not make a desert quicken.

Thus Quivers was foresten:
And the world forgot the place,
Until centuries space,
Came the blue-yed Saxon race,
And it bade the desert waken.

And it hade the climate vary.
And awaiting no reply
From the elements on high.
It with plows besteged the sky—
Vexed the Henvens with the prairie

Then the vitreous aky relented, And the unacquainted rain Fell upon the thirsty plain, Whence had gone the knights of Spain.

Sturdy are the Saxon faces,
As they move along the line;
Bright the rolling cotters shine,
Charging up the State's incline,
As an army storms the glacis. Into loam the sand is melted, And the blue-grass takes the loan Round about the prairie home,

Cities grow where stanted birches
Hugged the shallow water line.
And the deepening rivers twine
Past the factory, the mine,
Orchard slopes, and schools and churches.

We have made the State of Kansas, And to day she stands complete: First in freedom, first in wheat, And the future years will meet Ripened hopes and richer stanzas.

Kausas is the eldest in history of the Northern States. There were white men in Kansas before there were in New York Massachusetts, or any of the Eastern States. Long before the discovery of Plymouth Bay, or of New York Harber, an expedition from Merico came to Kansas, under Coronado, with a formidable force, hunting for the seven cities of Quivera. After travelling nearly the whole length of the State, Coronado turned back, in April, 1542, having made neither conquest or settlement. Cortex would have led the expedition, but for the envy of the Spanish Viceroy.

Select Story.

THE STORY I HEARD IN A SMOKING-ROOM.

We were staying a large party at Thornton We were staying a large party at Inoration Court, at the beginning of the present shooting season, when I heard an account of an optical delasion, which is of such a novel character that I can hardly suppose it will not be interesting to many people. The ladies had gone, or at least were supposed to have gone to bed; for I have often, on my way back from the smoking room, at an hour when all but a few confirmed lovers of the weed are supposed to be asleep in a country house, heard, through the doors which communicate between some of the young ladies' rooms and the corridor, sounds of voices and of laughter, which I hardly can imagine proceeded from sleeping occupants, and which have left me to believe that the vague stories we hear of little chats by members of

agine proceeded from sleeping occupants, and which have left me to believe that the vague stories we hear of little chats by members of the fairer sex over their bed-room fires are not altogether unfounded.

At any rate, every one had left the drawing-room; one by one, smokers in every variety and color of smoking jacket and dressing gown, had dropped into the before mentioned sanctuary of tobacco, where, under sporting pictures and one or two foxes brushes, and shut off from the rest of the honse by double baize doors, we formed a party of about half a dozen round the cheerful fire which the chilly days of early Ostober rendered very acceptable. After all the members of the social community were supplied with cigars, and large glasses, which contained various compounds of effervescing waters, and had settled into their chairs, we chatted over the pheasants, the prospects of hunting, the snerits of some well known race-horses, and such other subjects as form the staple of conversation on similar occasions. Somehow or other, the conversation furned upon ghosts and spiritualism. All discussed the subject except the unusually conversational Colonel Houghton, who silently pulled away at a large cigar, and gazed steadfastly into the fire.

"Come, Houghton," at last said Randon, our host, "what is your opinion on this subject!"

"I certainly have not the least belief in ghosts, but a most curious case once occurred to myself, for which I have never been able to

ghosts, but a most curious case once occurred to myself, for which I have never been able to

account," was the reply.

"Oh, let us hear it, by all means," cried several, charmed at the idea of getting Houghton, who was rather skeptical in most matters, to tell a ghost story.
"I have never told it, but I think that now I

can do so, as, by giving other than the real names of the men I fancied I saw after their death, no one now will be able to tell who they death, no one now with the were," was the reply.

Several new cigars were lighted, some glasses were replenished, and we disposed ourselves to listen, while Colonel Houghton, looking very listen, with an expression I have never be-

were replenished, and we disposed ourselves to listen, while Colonel Honghton, looking very grave, and with an expression I have never before seen on his face, began his tale:

"I must tell you that my adventure occurred in a country, which I think is the last place on earth where one would have expected to encountre anything mysterious or unnatural; for it was in China, the country of ideal dullness and practacability, that I witnessed the phenomenon I have hitherto been unable to zecount for satisfactorily. In order to understand the whole case, I must begin at a much earlier period of my life than that at which the circumstance I am about to relate occurred.

"When I was about sixteen years old, and at school at Eton, I was seized with a most ardent desire to enter the army, and in frequent letters implored my father to let me leave Eton and go to a private tutor's, where I might undergo a special preparation for the military profession. My father for a long time opposed the idea, as he wished me to go to the bar; and as I was not an over-diligent boy, imagined that in the army I should not do anything except smoke and run in debt. At last my importunities led him to consent to a compromise, and I was removed from Eton, but not to a milcept smoke and run in debt. At last my importenties led him to consent to a compromise,
and I was removed from Eton, but not to a military tutor's; I was sent to a clergyman in the
west of England, who received a very limited
number of pupils, and who was to teach me
thoroughly such subjects as would fit me for
the army, in case I remained steadfast to my
wishes, or which otherwise might be useful in
a civilized career. When I arrived at Dr.
Warnborough's, I found there only two pupils,
one named Charles Granger, and another who
left soon after I joined. Granger and I in a
short time became warm friends; we rode together, boated together, had no secrets from
each other, and for eighteen months were almost inseparable. Dr. Warnborough and his
wife were a most kind, good-hearted couple,
and made us most comfortable in every way;

an attention, I am afraid, we did not always entirely reciprocate, for we were both rathers the justice to say that in all errapes I was the leader and canse.

"One incident whice amused us much at the which Dr. Warnburcugh's rectory was idiated, abounded with cats, against which we two boys declared a war of externaination. Many did and into the plain, where I drew my hores into a way the control of the strength of the might be a warrenged of their skins; but the high, when it did compared to the might have been declared as were of externaination. Many for the high, we was the plain, the war aroused from a deep fore the bright lides atreach see of making a regard to their skins; but the idea, when it did compared to the strength of the str without avail; the room with the table (which no one thought of examining) standing in its centre was uninhabitable; and at last I felt I must tell the doctor; so I went to him, received a mild reproof, and the nuisance was repressed. At the first mention of the table with the catakin stretched below it, several of the andience expected some account of table rapping, or of the supposed spiritualism, for the demoustrations of which this very useful article of domestic furniture used a few years ago to be the favorite instrument. Webb, of the Artillery, who knew that cat-skin generated slectricity, was prepared to account for any phenomenon by the electric agouey of the eat-skin below the table; but as the termination of this part of the story opened no chance to him for broaching this theory, it was only in a confidential moment, next morning, that he discovered to me what had been passing in his mind.

Col. Houghton, after a few moments' pause, recommenced: "For about eighteen months, Granger and I lived most happity in Dr. Warnborough's house; but at the end of that time, the poor doctor caught a cold, in returning at a late hour from a visit to a dying parishioner which settled in his lungs, and from the effects of which he died within a few weeks. Both Granger and myself were deeply affected by the loss; we had both loved sincerely the worthy, estimable man, whose only fault (if he had one at all) had been too much kindness to us.

"As this loss left Mrs. Warnborough totally unprovided for, the carate, who received the late Doctor's living, being an unmarried man, generously gave Mrs. Warnborough in the free use of the rectory, and engaged himself to read with us, so that Mrs. Warnborough might still receive what our parents paid for our board and lodging, to help to eke out her own little income.

"About three months after Dr. Warnborough's

"About three months after Dr. Warnborough's death, a match at foot-ball took piace in the village, between our parish and a neighboring one. Charles and I were players on our side, death, a match at foot-ball took place in the village, between our parish and a neighboring one. Charles and I were players on our side, and worked at a rather up-hill game in the afternoon. In the evening we left the drawing-room, and retired to the dining-room, which, after dinner, was devoted to our use, for the preparation of our lessons. This evening, the severe exercise of the afternoon told on us so much that Charles, after a vain attempt on a piece of French composition, threw himself on the sofa, and in a few minutes was fast asleep. A quarter of an hour more of Enellá made me follow his example in the arm-chair by the fire. The room was well lighted with four candles and a tolerably bright fire. Charles' sofa was at the end of the room furthest from the door, and I was sitting in the arm chair, which had it back towards the door. After being asleep about an hour, and a little before ten o'clock, as I afterwards found by my watch, I was aroused by a sudden cry from Charles. On awaking. I distinctly saw Dr. Warnborough, dressed in his morning gown, walk across the room from the cud nearest Charles to the door, where he disappeared either through the door, or by opening it and closing it after him; in my surprise, I could not see which.

"A few moments sufficed to completely awake me, and I rushed out of the door, to try to perceive something more of the extraordinary vision; but all was still and undisturbed in every part of the house. Charles and I disenseed the matter very seriously. He informed me that he had awoke, and seen the doctor standing and looking at him; the sight caused him to call out, and thus awake me. We neither of no believed in ghosts, but were much depressed and puzzled by this strange appearance, which we resolved to confide to no one, in case it might reach Mrs. Warnborough's ears, and give her pain. Often and often we talked to each other, however, on the subject, and ultimately made a compact, that if it were passible, whichever of us died first, should appear to the other after

death.
"In a few months after this, I was removed from Mr. Waruborough's, and at the same time Granger went abroad, to look after his father business in Austria. For six or seven years I

Granger went abroad, to look after his father's insiness in Austria. For six or seven years I was quartered with my regiment in several parts of the United Kingdom; I occasionally saw Granger, when we both happened to come to London together, which was not often; but in the excitement of early military, life, I thought no more of optical delusions, and almost forgot my compact with Granger, and the vision of Dr. Warnborough. I was afterwards sent to India, where I still received occasional letters from Granger; but different tastes and pursuits rendered our correspondence unfrequent and uncertain.

When the expedition to Pekin was determined on, in 1860, the cavalry regiment to which I was attached was ordered to China, and we arrived without incident at Talion Bay, where the English army were disembarked, in order to wait for the French, previous to common descent on China at the mouth of the Peihn. The shores of Talien Bay did not afford facilities for encamping the whole army together, on account of the small space between the beach and a high rocky range of monutains which ran along the bay at a distance of about half a mile from the sea in some places, but which ran close down to the water in others. The cavalry were encamped at an open part of the shore, where there was room for their camp between the hills and high-water mark. Another portion of the army occupied a similar cucampment about six miles further up the bay.

there was room for their camp between the bills and high-water mark. Another portion of the army occupied a similar encampment about six miles further up the bay.

"On account of the rock running down to the sea between the two camps, there was no road or means of communication along the shore; the only way to go from one camp to the other, was to pass through a gap in the hills behind our camp, where we always had a picket, ride about five miles across the plain, and re-enter the hills by another gap behind the infantry camp, where pickets were also regularly established. I had many friends in the neighboring camp, and used often to ride over thete, not unfrequently stopping to dine, and riding back at night. These expeditions were not I believe, known to the superior anthorities, who would probably have stopped my evening rides beyond the sontries, as it was not certain wheels of the cauntry was infested with Tartars, who might have carried off any stragglers; but trusting to a revolver and my Arab borse, I had individually no fear of being taken, if attacked.

"One night I had been over to the infantry,

away. I hastened forward, and asked the sentry:
"Did you see a man walking in front of me?"
"No, sir," was the answer; "no one has been past here to-night, since we mounted."
"Why did you turn out the guard? said I.
"Because I saw you galloping and calling out, sir, and I thought you were being chased by Chinamen."
"The sergeant and other soldiers fully confirmed the sentry's assertion that no person had passed their post; and as I did not wish to be abourd, I simply said I supposed I had been

absurd, I simply said as I did not wish to be absurd, I simply said I supposed I had been mistaken, and rode into camp, without seeing anything more of the figure of Granger.

"Did you drink much wine at dinner, Houghton?" here inquired Randon.

"No, upon my honor; all I drank that day was one glass of rum and water, and that early in the afternoon. I never did drink much of anything in the East, for the sake of health; and that I was perfectly sober at the time of the occurrence, all my brother officers could testify."

"Did you was see it again." asked once.

and that I was perfectly sober at the time of the occurrence, all my brother officers could testify."

"Did you ever see it again?" asked some one, almost acknowledging, by the form of his interrogation, that the story had told on him.

"I soon got over the effect of this delusion, which I believe it must have been, although I cannot account for it," resumed Houghton; "but I received another shock, when we were well on the road into Pekin, about two months afterwards, and the English mail arrived. I was away a day or two from my own regiment when the letters came, and did not receive my own; but in the papers which came to the regiment I was quartered with, I read that Charles Granger had digd on the very day I had thought I had seen him at Talien Bay. A day or two afterwards, my own letters came to me. One was in Mrs. Warnborough's hand writing. She was writing, she told me, to give me the particulars of the death of poor Charles, my old fellow pupil, who had been cat off so suddenly, which she had heard from his own relatives. He had been dining at a public dinner at Vienna, when suddenly he fell forward senseless, having broken a blood-vessel. The blood poured in torrents over his shirt, and he bled to death without speaking a word, before medical aid could arrive. She then gave the hour and day of his death. Allowing for the difference of time which exists between Northern China and Yienna, Charles Granger had died in Vienna, almost to a minute, at the very time I fancied I saw him on the plain of Chinese Tartary."

Zollicoffer—Shot by a Sharpshooter, and met by Speed S. Fry.

Gen. Speed S. Fry. of Danville, Ky., has the reputation of having killed Gen. Zollicoffer, at the battle of Mill Springs, January 19, 1862, and it is thought his promotion from Colonel to Brigadier-General was the result of the deed. Sheriff G. W. Sweeney, of Casey County, wha was in the city yesterday, however, says that he was within a rod of General Zollicoffer when he fell from his horse; beard all that passed between him and Col. Fry before the shooting; saw Fry when he fled; knew the calibre of his pistol; afterward saw the pistol shot wound in Zollicoffer's leg, and knows that the wound alone would not have disabled him from active service when dressed.

Maj. Sweeney narrated the incidents of that day as follows: He was standing about sixty feet from Col. Fry during the battle, when he saw a man, apparently a countryman, followed by sixteen or eighteen men similarly dressed, advancing rapidly on the right, who, when close enough, threw up his right hand and said: "Col. Stanton, those are our own men you are firing upon." Col. Fry discovering that he had been mistaken for the Colonel of a Mississippi regiment, replied: "Yes, they are our own men, and so are you," firing his forty-two calibre pistol at the same time. Gen. Zollicoffer being without arms except his sword, turned to ride away, when Corporal George Cabal, of Company A, First Kentucky Volunteers, a sharpshooter, raised his Mimie rifle and fired, striking Gen. Zollicoffer just under the shoulder blade, ranging upward, the ball passing through the body near the heart and out in front. Gen. Zollicoffer fell forward over his horse's shoulders into the rear it was examined, and two wounds found upon it—one made by a Minie ball and described, the other a small wound in the calf of the leg. Corporal Cabal was afterward killed at Lebanon, Ky, May 5, 1862, when a Minie ball struck him in the breast, just at the point where his hall emerged from the body of Gen. Zollicoffer, followed the same

GEORGE KENT, a brother of ex-Governor Kent, for whom "Maine went hell bent," is em-ployed in the Tressury Department at Wash-ington. He is eighty-three years old.

Miscellany.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one earth's wrongs are smitten, One by one its errors fall; One by one are carved and written Trath's great trim uphs over all. One by one the dreary places (iles with green and gush with light; One by one God's finger traces Moons and stars upon the night.

One by one are rent and riven
All the links of Hell's hot gyee;
One by one the chords of Heaven
Gently, strongly clasp our lives;
One by one earth's bitter weanings
Leave us nearer to the skies;
One by one life's higher meanings
lireak like suslight on our eyes.

O, the weary mobths of sorrow!
O, the long and so lemn years?
O, the yearning for the morrow,
That should give him joy for tears!
O, the unnestling heart's great angule
O, the wasting of the frameA ad the love that could not languish,
And the spirit ringed with flame!

Let it pass: the blessed throbbing
Of the purple heart of morn
Drew its pulses from the sobbling
Midnight—setting in her scorn:
And the calm soul's higher thirsting.
And the light of truer eyes—
These are but the upward bursting
Of the seeds of sacrifice.

Therefore, though the iron shackle
Clasp and clench the writhing spheres;
Though the red fires flame and crackle
Through the ghastly, shuddering years;
T hough the green earth weep unshriven,
And thick mildew blast the suo.
Still shall all save man and Heaven
Pass and perials, one by one.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS, WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY, Joon 26, 1879.
Capt. M'Pelter is on the fence. He isn't serti

Capt. M'Pelter is on the fonce. He isn't sertin wether it is his dooty to go over into Ohio at the ensooin elecabun and repect for Ewing, or the actooal Nashnel candydste, Piatt. He is in dout, becoz he he can't make up his mind wich wood most further the grate coz uy onlimited money, to wich he is devotid, hart and sole. Watever uther prinsiples the Captin may be shaky on, he is firm ez a rock on this, and wen the sirkumstances uv the case is taken into akkount, I can't blame him.

At the close uv the late onplesantnis, Captin M'Pelter wuz a rooined man. The feend, Linkin, hed emansipatid his niggers, wich left him without laber, and consekently he rased uo crops. John Morgan hed capchered his mools, while the Captin wuz in the Confedrat army, and a tyrsat Guverment refoosed to pay him a cent for em, becoz, forsooth, a Confedrat commander his confiskatid his property, 2nd becoz he wnz in the Confedrit servis. He wuz left with a thousand akers uv land, jist out uv the village, wich wuz wnth, say, 85 a aker.

But that land, wich wuz his rooin, becum his salvashen. The flud nv greenbax wich pored over the land irygatid the Cross-Rodes. Ez everybody hed his pockets full nv greenbax in the North, they cann Sonth to invest it. Ther waz a helthy wildnis in the air for them ez hed land. It is troo, ther wuzn't any octooal call for any more peeple at the Cross-Rodes, than wat wuz ther already. Ther wuzn't un noo factries startid, nor no noo industrys developt, wich wood support peeple, and nobody hed the disposishen to start noe enterprises, for ther wuz so much money to be made in spekilatin in reel estate.

The Captin was supprised, one day, at bein offerd \$20. Then he opened his eves. He saw a way to make up his losses. He refoosed to sell, and immejitly follered the example uv them ez hed bot, and laid it out into "M'Pelter's First Addishen to Confedrit Cross Rodes." He borrered money to grade streets, and to plant shade trees, to make the Addishen attraktive, and then he commens to sell lots.

First Addishen to Confedrit Cross Rodes." He borrered money to grade streets, and to plant shade trees, to make the Addishen attraktive, and then he commenst to sell lots.

They went off like hot cakes. Peeple wood buy em, and pay \$600 spiece, payin down \$10, and give a morgage on em for the odd \$590, payable in one, two and three yeers, with intrest. Then they wood turn around and sell em for \$1,000, takin \$20 down, with the same terms, and so on.

able in one, two and three yeers, with intrest. Then they wood turn around and sell em for \$1,000, takin \$20 down, with the same terms, and so on.

It wuz a gorjus time. Capt. M'Pelter hed to bny a safe, (wich he did on credit,) to hold his sekoorities. That thousand akers uv land netted him neerly a quarter uv a millyun, and the down payments kep him in comfort. Bein rich, Mrs. M'Pelter bot herself silk dresses, (on credit,) and the Captin set up a pair uv hosses and a kerridge, wich he bot, (on credit,) and he rebilt his house, (on credit,) makin it a clegant manshun for a Amerikin gentleman.

Not beein satisfide with the welth he hed akkoomoolatid, in notes and morgagis on his own land, the Captin embarkt in wider spekilashens. He went a mile or two beyond his land, and bot all he cood buy at \$1,000 a aker, and laid em out. The cows wuz turned off that land, and surveyors surveyed it, warin injy rubber boots, ez perteckshen agin rattlesnakes. And M'Pelter's Second and Third Addishens to the Cross-Rodes wuz throwed into the market.

Ez it wnz with M'Pelter, so it wuz with pretty much everybody else. The Gaverment wuz ishooin greenbax by the millyun, and peeple spekilated. In them days, yoo coodn't buy a rusty nall but wat yoo cood sell it next mornin at a advance uv three of four hundred per sent. We wuz happy, for everybody hed credit, and things wuz a boomin.

But ther cam a cend to it. Everybody hed lots to sell, but when the Gaverment cam to begin to pny its dets, and to stop ishooin its millyuns a day, nobody wanted em. Deekin Pogram wanted to know uv Captin M'Pelter, wat wuz the yoose uv askin \$6,000 for a quarter uv a aker uv ground wiek wuz only wath \$5 a aker, onless peeple em to live on it, wich they wuz-n't doin to any slarmin degree. Then Sherman kep on payin the det, there wuzn't no yoose for the Captin's ground for dwellin purpures, and so, little by little, his spekilashens went under. Them ex bed bot his lots on credit didn't pay for em, but them uv whom he hed but house, kerridges, and silk g

all this rooinous polisy wich hez put his lands back into its original status ez cow-pasters. He holds the Guverment responsible for his faleyoor. He sez:

"Ef the Guverment hed kep on ishooin greenbax, sevral millyans a day, and not attempted to pay the Nashnel det at all, it wood hev hin diffrent. The Guverment hez rooined me. I waz a sellin my cow-pasters for sity lots, till the feend, Sherman, contractid. I demand, sez Captin M'Pelter, "that the ishoo ny greenbax be immejitly resoomed. A greenback costs the Guverment nothin, and ef enuff uv em ishood, my lands will agin sell for sity lots. Ef enuff uv em are ishood, the quarter uv a millyan uv morgagis wich I hold will be paid, and then—" "And then," resoomed the Captin, "I kin realize, and retire with a competensy."

"Wich meens," sed Josef, "that yoo will onload yoor cow-pasters onto the next generashen uv ijits, and git out from under in time to save yoorself, wich yoo wuzu't smart enuff to do the last time. Isn't that about the size uv it?"

"I shood convert my sekoorities into Yoonited States bonds, I s'pose."

"And then," sed Josef, "s'pose the parties to wich yoo sell shood insist that the Guverment shood keep on ishooin greenbax, that they mite save therselves by onloadin ther land on the next batch uv fools, wat wood yoor Yoonited States bonds be with? It kinder strikes me, that ex long ex the bizuis uv the Cross-Rodes only demands a popelashen uv three hundred and fifty, yoo don't actilly need sity lots for a popelashen uv a hundred thousand, and that ef you git the hundred thousand price in a village uv three hundred and fifty, ecther yoor buyers are asses, or the money they pay ain't good for nothin. In the cend sure your the raise—yoo drest in purple and fine linen while it lastid, and why shoodebt yoo take the length uv the raise—yoo drest in purple and fine linen while it lastid, and why shoodebt yoo take the length uv

call a cow-paster sity lots, but yoo hev got to hev a sity somewher in the visinity to make em sity lots actocally. Ef yoo want to be very rich, yoo kin mark up \$10 land to \$1,000, and consider

yoo kin mark up \$10 land to \$1,000, and consider yoorself ez bein opnient, but yoo want to sell it for that, and git paid in suthin that will buy suthin else. Captin, yoor land is wuth jist ez much now ez it ever wuz."

"Josef," sed M'Pelter, "Yoo dou't know nothin about finalise. Ther is no reeson why the Goverment shoodn't print ez much money ez the wants ny the peeple rekwire, and I rzkwire..."

The bold Captin wood bey continyood his disquisishun, but seein the Sheriff comin in the front door, with a rit on akkount uy the hosses and kerridge his wife hed bin ridin in, he deemed it expejent to git out the back way, ez suddin ez he cood.

ed it experient to git out the back way, ex suddin ez be cood.

I agree with the Captin. Wat we want is a onlimited ishoo nv paper money, that evry man in the Corners kin git all that his wants rek wire. I don't want the Goverment to go round and give everybody wat money he or she think they need, but I want it expended on newary works. We want a custom-house here, we want a Goverment ralerode to connect us with the main line to Looisville, that frate on our likkers may he redoosed, and these improovments wood be

line to Looisville, that frate on our likkers may be redoosed, and these improovments wood be suffishent to put two or three millyuns into sirkelashen. Ef the rest uv the South claunes ez much, and gits it, the volyoom uv kurrensy will be swelled to wat we rekwire, and Capt. M'Pelter's lots will agin hav some valyoo.

I know not wat Capt. M'Pelter may do, but I shel heeve my inflooence in faver uv enybody wich is in faver uv these meshures, alluz inclosed in the payment uv Suthern clames and penshunin Suthern soljers. Hevin servid in the Looisiana Pellkins, I must insist on these two meshures. I ruther think the good old Dimekratic party is good enuff for sich ez me.

Petroleum V. Nashy,
Finanseer.

THE "DARK HORSE" OF 1880.

You may know who the "dark horse" is in the coming political campaign. He entered a Grand River Avenue saloon yesterday, when the day was hottest, and removing his coat, hat and collar, he confidentially asked for a private word with the proprietor.

"Nopedy ish here—you can shooke away," was the reply, as the beer seller lazily rinsed a glass.

"Are you aware," whispered the stranger, as he put his nose almost into the other's face, "that this country is on the eve of another stupendons political strangele?"

"Do you mean about dis hot veddar?"

"No, sir! I mean that we are soon to elect another President, and that the campaign will be the hottest ever known in the political history of this world, and you may draw me a glass of beer."

"Ybell, I doan' know much of boliticks," said the other, and making no move to fill the glass.

"That's it—that's the key-note?" chuckled the old man, as he slapped him on the back. "The kind of men to go into the next Cabinet are men who have never been mixed up in politics. I'm mighty glad I came in here, and you may draw me a glass of beer."

"Are you some boliticians?" quietly asked the saloonist after a pause, and paying no attention to the request for beer.

"Ah! lower your voice a little! Yes, I'm in politics. I'm the wickedest wire-puller in the sorld. I'm the greatest couvention-packer on land or sea. I get in more work at the polls than any 20 men you ever saw, and you may give me a glass of beer."

"Who shall be der next President?" carelessiy inquired the other, as he sat down on the head of a beer keg.

who shall be der next President 1 careless-ly inquired the other, as he sat down on the head of a beer keg.

The stranger tip-toed to the door, closed and locked it, and returning to his former position,

whispered:
"Take a good square look at me! You now behold the next President of the United States of America, and you may draw me a glass of beer."
"You doan' look like some Bresidents," ob-

booking over.

"Sh! Don't give me away! You see I'm from the masses. I'm the dark horse cantering along in the underbrush. The people de mand a representative of toil. That's me They want honesty and integrity. That's me again. They want a man who knows a haystack from a tone outers who can economize who can't

want honesty and integrity. That's me again. They want a man who knows a haystack from a stone quarry—who can economize—who can't be corrupted—who has pride enough for the position, and yet not ashamed to ride to a funeral in a one horse wagou—all of which is me several times over, and you may draw me a glass of beer."

"Vhat barty shall vote for you?" asked the beer man after a minute of deep thought.

"Ah! Eureka! Excelsior! Selah! That's the key note again! When the hoar is rips, I step between the two great parties, mash both, and form a third party on the ruins, and you may draw me a glass of beer."

"Veil, I shan't carry some torchlight brocessions on der street."

"Of course you won't. You keep behind the currant bushes, say nothing, and when the time a rives, you will be offered the position of Secretary of War, and you may draw me a glass of beer."

retary of War, and you may draw me a glass of beer."

"My peer ish all gone."

"Very well. Then my appointments are all gone; your name will not be selected for the next Secretary of War!"

The old man began putting on his things in a very decided way, and when ready to go out, turned and said:

"I am naturally kind hearted and forgiving, and I'll give you one more chance. No hear, no

"I am naturally kind hearted and forgiving, and I'll give you one more chance. No beer, no Cabinet position under the reign of the dark horse of 1880."

The saloonist shook his head.

"That settles it. A year hence you might offer me a dozen glasses of beer, and I would not even appoint you Postmaster General! Goodbye!"

After the old man had been gone a minute or so, the saloonist ran to the door and called to him and waved his hand, but the tide of fortune had passed. The dark horse shook his head in a determined manner, and called back:

"You're hunted up some beer with a fly in it, but it is too late—too late!"—Detroit Free Press.

Terrible Struggle With a Name.

There is a good deal in a name, and especially in a name so long as Hickenlooper. Hickenlooper is the name of the Republican candidate for Lientenant Governor in Ohio, who was nominated to prevent another man with a weird name—Mr. Seasoogood—from carrying off the honors. Hickenlooper is not very widely known in Ohio or the west generally, and the news of his selection was rather a surprise and a trial to the editors of the country newspapers, who had to guess and gag at his name like chickens endeavoring to compass the degintition of an over-sized earthworm. One paper in Minnesota declares boldly that "Foster and Loppenhicker will sweep the State by 60,000," another in Illinois cries, "We personally favored Taft and Foster, but the old Western Reserve will come out solid for Foster and Picklehocker;" a third—and this in Ohio—says, in all the mijesty of great black letters, "Foster and Hoppenkicker—beat them who can;" a fourth in Iowa protests that "Foster and Poppenhickle will awake such enthusiasm as the Buckeye State has rarely resounded with;" the head-lines of a fifth, in Wisconsin, are: "Two glorious men—Foster and Pickenchooper—the nominees;" a sixth, and again in Ohio, declares that the "Democracy can find no ticket to successfully oppose Foster and Pickylooper; a seventh, also in Ohio, hoish, along with an eagle and an American flag—"Our stalwart standard-bearers—Foster and Choopenlicker;" an eighth, still in Ohio, amounces a mass-meeting "to ratify the nomination of Gov. Foster and Gen. Pooklehicken;" and yet another, in Pennsylvania, where it fairly rains jaw-breaking names, enthusiastically yells at the top of its type, "Tiger for Foster! "Rah for Chicklepicken!" It is perhaps not a very important matter, still it would avoid confusion if the Republican editional declares and an aname and a servention and "Tiger for Foster! 'Rah for Chicklepicken!' It is perhaps not a very important matter, still it would avoid confusion if the Republican editors and orators would meet in convention and agree to shout for the econd man on their ticket under one name, whether it be Hickenlooper, Loppenhickle, Picklechoker, Hoppenkicker, Poopenhickle, Picklechoker, Pockyloopen, Choopenlicker, Pooplehicken, or Chicklepicken.

N. Y. World.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

Lord Desart has been the first to record in verse Eng On Longwood's shore the extle stands, Despair upon his hanghty face; Behind him clasped his useless hands, That fisls would rule the human race Victor in many hostile lands, He falls in peace—to his disgrace.

The iron girdle round Sedan
Grows narrower yet; no man can fly
He fights for death, that broken man.
Capitulates, and does not die.
Not then—while yet the eagle floate
Above a canse worth fighting for—
But, cast out by his people's votee,
He fades, like his great ancestor.

At Chischurst an Empress weeps:
Half-mast the flags of England wave;
While far away our soldier alceps
Securely in a soldier's grave.
Whate'er the name he might have won,
No grander this in victory's breath—
''He of his race achieved alone
This glorious end—a hero's death."

WHO KILLED ZOLLICOFFER. Recalling an Incident of a Well Remember

FRANKFORT, KY., June 27.

Dran Shar—In Tessels's issue of the Fessors there appeared an article coppied from the Lexington Freez, under the following beat: "Who Killed Zollicoffer!" Then followed either the most willfully malicious or ignorant misrepresentations of the circumstances that was ever imposed upon a credulous editor, by some man by the name of G. W. Sweeney, who, by fabricating falsehood, alms to lead public opinion into an error, and detract from the well carned fame of that gallant and brave oil soldier, Gen. Speed S. Fry. whose well known valor needs no enlogy from me. If this G. W. Sweeney had remained long enough in the service, or the guilty of machine and private life stands above reproach—a man who never stooped to conquer. Unfortunately for Capt. G. W. Sweeney, of the lat Kentucky Sharpshooters, his military carcer was of short duration. After five or six months service, he was mustered out, according to the Adjutant General's report. Hence his ignorance of Col. Fry's character as a solider, and his equally false assertion that Corporal Cable was killed at Lebanon, Ky, when said Cable was killed in the State of Tennessees some time after he for the control of the property of the control of th

H. HYDE,

A Democratic Opinion of the Colored Man.

While the amiable idiocy that prevailed in Congress, during reconstruction days, was at its height, the nigger was enfranchised.

He was invested with the ballot, on the petty theory that he was a man and a brother, with an infusion of sand in his make-up.

It was given him on the school girl notion that affection for the party that gave him his freedom would make him its perpetual instrument.

But the nigger is less serviceable to the Republican party as a voter than he was as a slave. He needs too much coddling—too much protection.

He can only vote the Republican ticket when sorrounded by a cordon of Republican bayonets. There is no grit in him.

There is more voting energy and party strength in a dozen raw Irishmen, than in a thousand well-fed niggers.

There is not an onnce of stalwartism in a ton of niggers.

There is not an ounce of statwartism in a ton of niggers.

The more nigger the less strength.

As a slave, the picturesque misery of the nigger was an unfailing armory of party weapons—as a freeman there is no romance in him—cowardice is not romantic.

All over the South he is throwing his ballot for rebels and traitors, when he votes at all.

He is too cowardly to vote his own convictions, or too stepid to have convictions.

When the stalwarts get into power, in 1880, he must either be disfranchised or compelled to vote right.

The free nigger is a fraud.—Plymenth County (Issue) Sentinel, (Dem.).

More than eightness thousand persons live by

Mone than eighteen thousand persons live by rag-picking in Paris and its suburbs.

THE FEAR OF LIGHTNING.

fints that May be of Advantage to Those Whose Brend is Now Encontrollable.

Whose Brend is Now Uncontrollable.

To The Editor of The Sux—Sir:—The painful story in last Monday's papers, of two happy children killed while sitting in their garden seat, under the trees, by a stroke of lightning, will deepen the horror of those who suffer from fear of lightning. The most agonizing of all nervous fears is that of lightning, and a count of those whose lives are really embittered by this dread, would number scores of thousands, and many of them persons who know no other fear.

Twenty years ago, the writer remembers turning with a smile to others who shrank and cried at the peals of a terrible storm, in a country house. The glare of a bolt coming down the centre of the room caught the eye at that very instant; the next was an explosion that shook the honse, and insensibility followed. Two men in the same room were burned by the bolt, although no lives were lost; but I have never been able to smile at lightning again. To give any idea of the terror left on a nervous organization by the shock, would involve extravagance of terms.

But, unfortunately, so far from being an exception, there are too many who suffer the same harassments with me. Nor are women alone ambject to this nervousness. I know a school superintendent and canal contractor, a man over 50, a man with a large family, who would hide in a closet in a storm, and had been known to rush from his bed with fright at lightning. Many will remember the Professor of Bowdoin College, who always retreated to the cellar in a thunderstorm, although his house was bristling with lightning rods. The strongest man I ever know, who could throw another man across the street, and work a hand-press in a printing office as if he were a part of the machine, was discharged as a reporter, because his desk was vacant every time there was a thunder-storm. The mother of Washington was afraid of lightning, and never failed to retreat to her coom at the first flash died away. The physical effects of this fear are most depressing. One woman knows when a storm is c

fore, and never fails to be ill in a thunder-storm since.

Reason, and study of the laws of lightning, have done much to lessen the fear of it. It is true, we live between two magazines of electricity—one in the earth, and the other in the air—and a cloud charged with electricity passing over a point or body in a negative condition, will discharge its surplus by the very quickest and most congenial medium, which it finds in the human body, a tree, or house, indifferently. But it is also true that, provide the lightning with a convenient and easy conductor, in the shape of a stout iron rod, higher than any point of a house, and reaching well into the ground, where electricity may scatter harmiessly in the damp earth, it will prefer that conducting rod to anything in its vicinity, and people who stay indoors in a well protected house are safer from lightning than any bomb proof from bursting shells. Every accident from this cause I ever knew of, came from careless exposure in situations known to be unsafe. The first I noticed, after my own accident, was that of a missionary's daughter, killed while passing an open window, just as a woman was, on Long Island, last summer, while sitting at her sewing machine. A young man in Malden, I think, was killed while sitting out on a porch, with his chair tipped back, and his head against the knob of the door bell, making an excellent connection with the bell wire. Many men have been struck while riding into a barn on a load of hay. Many will remember the frightful calamity at Scranton, Pa., where a party of women out picking herries on one of the high hills, crowded into a deserted log hut in a sudden storm, and seven were killed by one bolt. Steep hills, with mineral veins cropping out, are not phaces for any one to live on who wishes to escape lightning, eral veins cropping out, are not places for any one to live on who wishes to escape lightning, and unprotected houses there are doubly dan-

It is never too soon to go into the house when a storm is rising. When the clouds are fully charged with electricity they are most dangerous, and this fluid obeys a subtle attraction which acts at great distances and in all directions. A woman told me of a bolt which came down her mother's chimney from a rising cloud, when the sun was shining overhead. N. P. Willis writes of a young girl killed while passing under a telegraph wire on the brow of a hill, while she was hurrying home before a storm. Sunday's sad accident at Morrisania should warn every mother that it is not safe to let children stay out of doors till the last minute before the storm falls. People should not be foothardy about sitting on porches or by open windows, whether the storm is hard or not. Mild showers often carry a single charge which falls with deadly effect. It may or may not be fatal to stay out; it is safe to be in the house, with the windows and doors shut. The dry air in a house is a readier conductor of lightuing than the damp air outside, and any draught of air invites it. A hot fire in a chimney attracts it, so to speak, and it is prudent for those who would be aure of safety to use kerosene or gas stoves in summer, and avoid heating the chimneys of the house. People are very ignorant or reckless about lightuing. I have seen a girl of 18 crying with fear of lightning, and running every other moment to the window, to see if the storm was not abating, unconscious that she was putting herself in danger. If every one would hurry to shelter as soon as a storm cloud was half way up the sky, when certain it was coming nearer; if they would shut the doors and windows, and keep away from them afterwards, and from bell wires, stovepipes, mantles, chimney breasts, heaters, and mirrors, with the was supplicating rods and their wieinity, and from metal water spouts, with good rods on their houses, they might dismiss the fear of lightning from their minds, so far as it is a thing of reason and not of impression.

A good lightning in the spout

PALESTINE is to have a railroad from Jaffa (Joppa) to Jerusalem. Gen. F. D. Lovett, of Cinctunati, Ohio, has the contract for building. It is to be a narrow guage, and the distance is about forty miles.